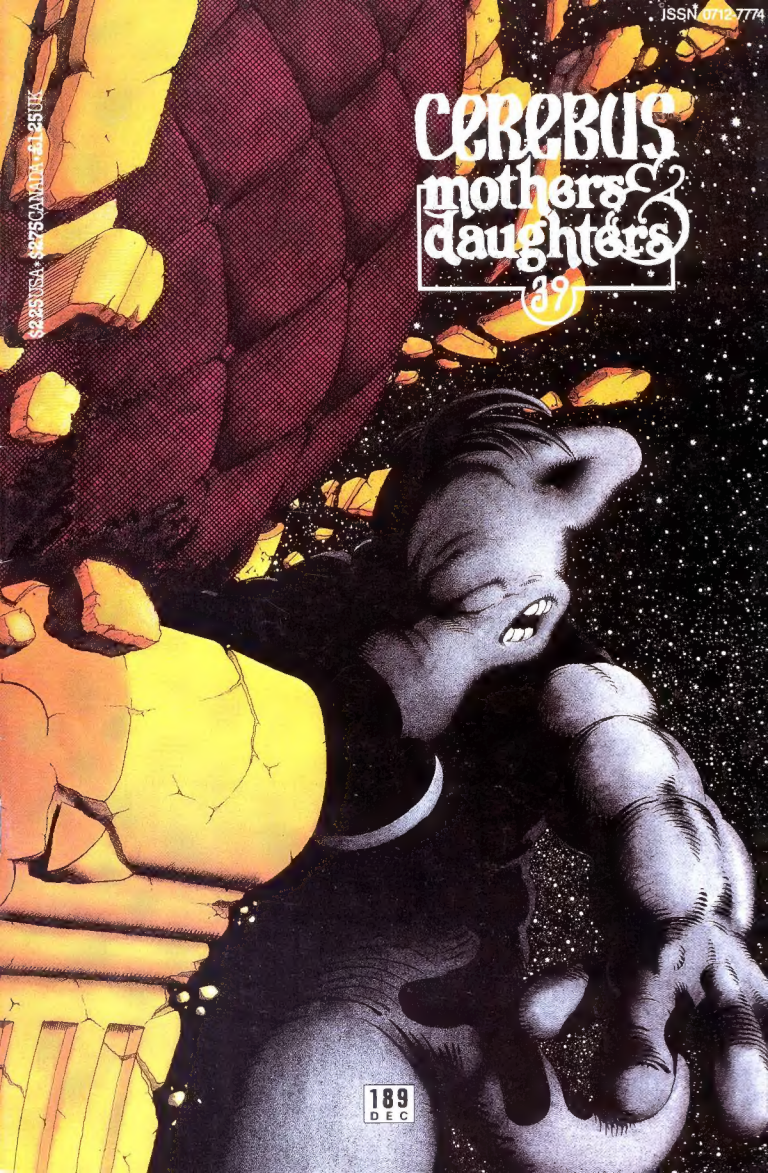
ISSN 0712-7774

CEREBUS

mothers & daughters

39

$2.25 USA • $2.75 CANADA • £1.25 UK



189
DEC

NOTE • FROM • THE PRESIDENT

Three speed bumps have presented themselves as everyone starts to get a handle on self-publishing in the '90s.

Speed bump #1 is keeping the early issues of your book in print. There are a couple of different approaches to the problem. You can overprint by a sufficient margin so that you have an inventory to sell as you go along. This way, you end up with a storage problem, of course, but it is the most logical course of action. All things being equal (which they seldom are), by the time you are at issue five, the first four issues should be selling steadily to new customers. The single best innovation (I think Colleen came up with it) is the Starter Pack: resoliciting for your first four or five issues as a single package, usually with a signed or unsigned print included. This has been made necessary by the 'here and now' quality of the direct market. Given that it is difficult for retailers to monitor and respond to a shortage of any issue of your book in ordering directly, and impossible for them to get back issues through their distributor, it is required that you continually pick up the entirety of your story from the oblivion of 'shipping weeks past' and put it in the path of the direct-market juggernaut: 'shipping weeks yet-to-be'. If you make it to issue five and you've gotten any kind of publicity at all, more people will have heard of your book than are able to find it. A Starter Pack fills that demand for the store and the customer. The added advantage is that four back issues in a package (at a 2.95 cover price each) represent a larger profit center for you, the store and the distributor. You don't have to sell too many twelve-dollar items to have it show up a little more clearly on various radar screens. Don't discount the cover price beyond a few pennies or it looks like a 'fire sale'.

Speed bump #2 is cash flow. The better you do, the larger amounts of money you have coming in and going out. If you have to reprint issues two and three at the same time as issue six, you are not likely to have enough cash on hand to pay all of the printing bills. The best course of action here is to get a revolving line of credit at your bank or persuade your printer to trust you for the balance owing. This requires explaining the non-returnability in the direct market and showing them purchase orders from your distributors. Don't panic. Cash flow is tidal in nature. It goes all the way out and then all the way back in. Eventually, some of it will stick. Eventually, you get on top of the problem and you'll have enough money to pay any printing bill without hitting zero or going in the red. DO NOT spend your money on anything besides the necessities of life during this period: invest in your creativity ONLY. RRSPs, down payment on a house, savings bonds, etc., are investments for the non-creative. Ger's and my future is assured by the fact that we own the exclusive rights to publish *Cerebus*. The fact that we own the house we use for studio and office space is a nice little bonus but pales in comparison with the ownership of the intellectual property. The return on investment if you stick with self-publishing over the long term exceeds any (ANY) traditional investment scheme. Why do you think intellectual property rights are so sought after?

Speed bump #3 is the reprint collection(s) and is just a larger version of the first two, except it goes a lot quicker. BIG money out, BIG money in. Some of the money sticks in a shorter space of time. You need more money because the cost of the printing bill is higher and, since a reprint collection sells over a longer period of time, you have to guess how many you're going to need for six months or a year. With *Cerebus*, we did the *Swords* collections first (four issues in each) until it became unwieldy to keep a half-dozen collections in print, so we switched to the phone-book format. It is important to reprint the stories in sequence and it is important to put as much of the story under one cover as you can afford to print. The price you charge is not as important as it once was (within reason). The *Sandman* trades, the *Bone* trades and, to a lesser extent, the *Cerebus* trades are attuned to a new buying pattern: people who want to read a large chunk of an interesting story and who are not interested in hunting down back issues and who are willing to pay more for the convenience. It is important to switch from back issues to a trade-paperback collection as soon as possible and to keep the trade-paperback collections as close to your current issues as possible. If someone can buy two collections and four back issues and be 'caught up', they are more likely to give your book a try (to be fair, Jeff Smith chose to keep the back issues in print *as well* as the reprint collections and credits the accessible price of back issues with bringing in new readers. We've created the same effect with a 'discount-priced' *Cerebus Zero* and the *1995 World Tour Book*. Two different approaches to a problem which has to be addressed: how to interest new readers).

I've said all of this before in various ways, but I thought it warranted a more concise form. Bottom line: reinvest all revenues in keeping your work in print and eat a lot of macaroni and cheese until you're SURE there's enough in your account to cover any emergency reprinting.

CEREBUS

NO. 189 DECEMBER 1994

DAVE SIM
President

GERHARD
Vice President

LINDA BERZINS
Typesetting

MOTHERS & DAUGHTERS
a novel

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BOOK ONE
(Cerebus 151 to Cerebus 162)
Flight

•

BOOK TWO
(Cerebus 163 to Cerebus 174)
Women

•

BOOK THREE
(Cerebus 175 to Cerebus 186)
Reads

•

BOOK FOUR
(Cerebus 187 to Cerebus 200)
Minds

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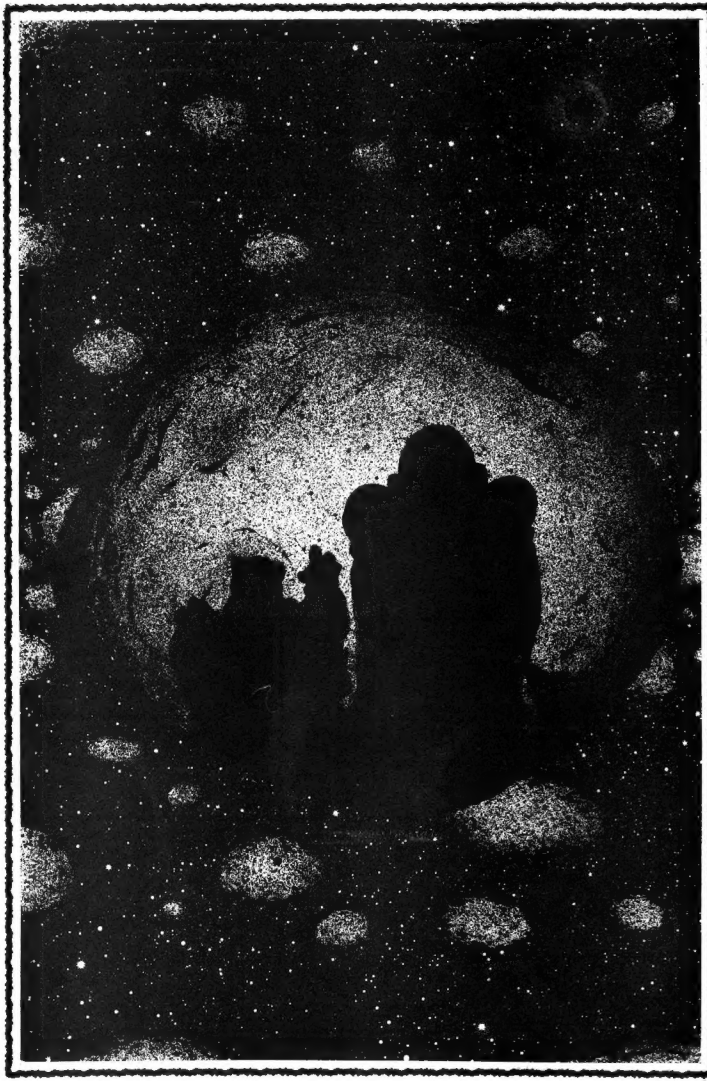
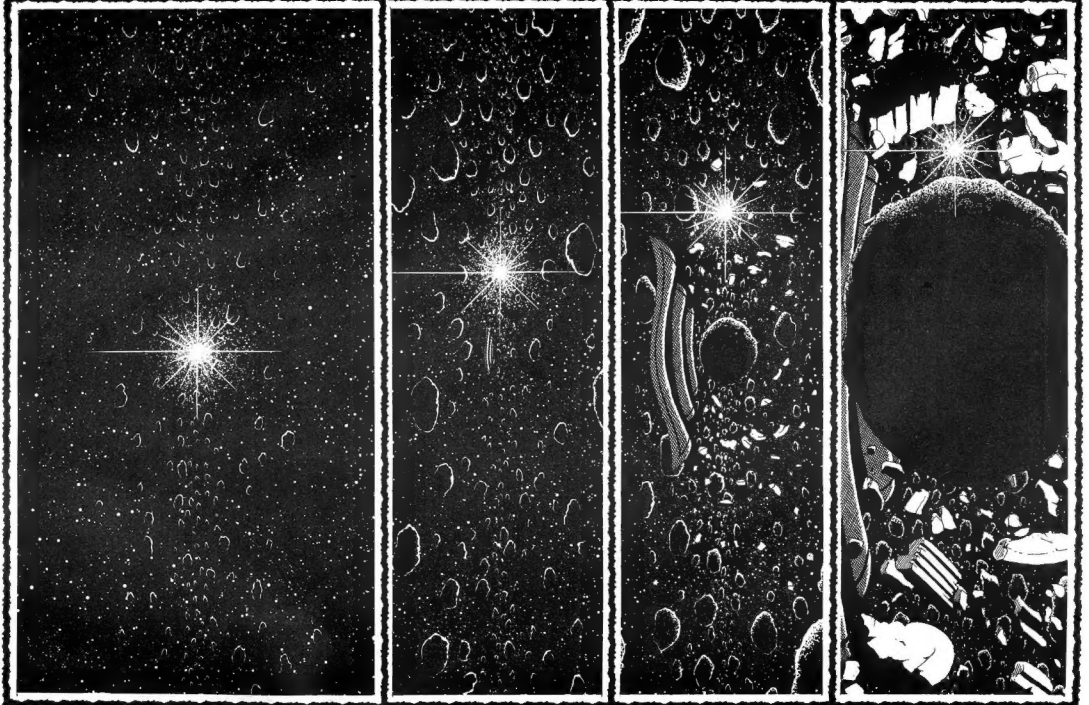
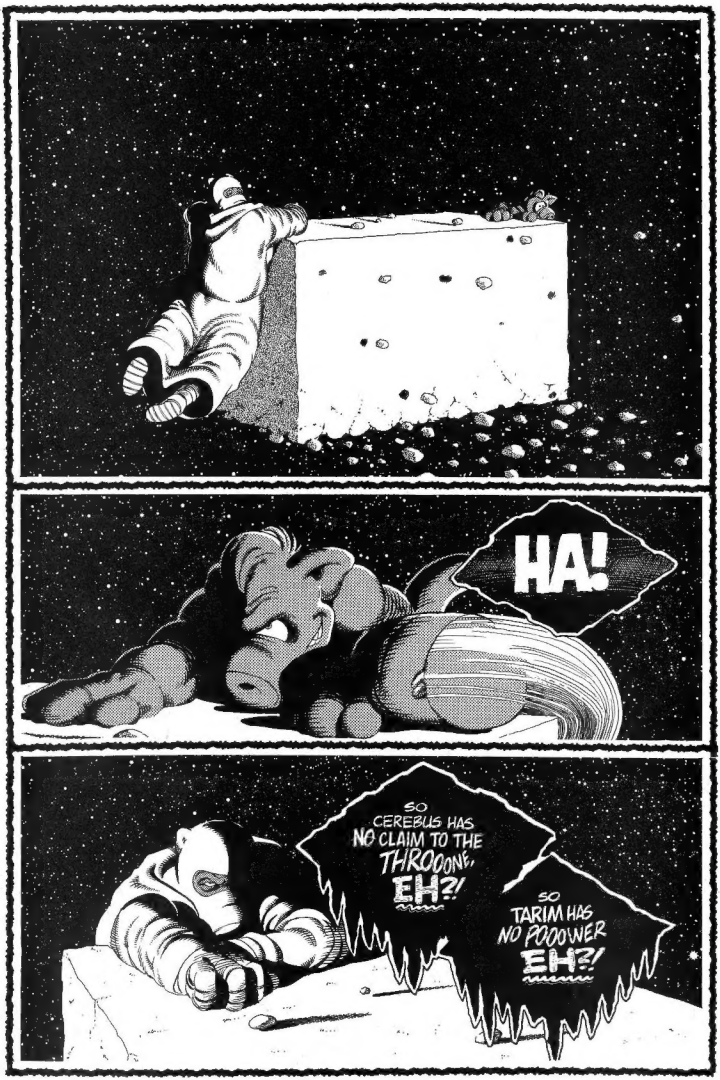
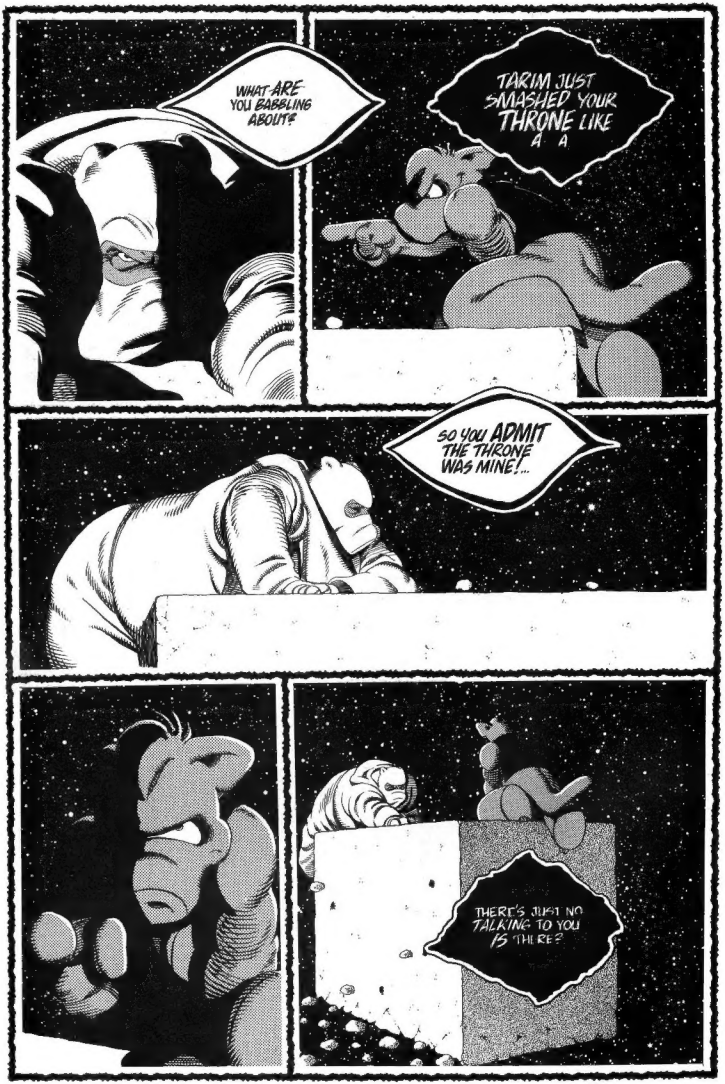
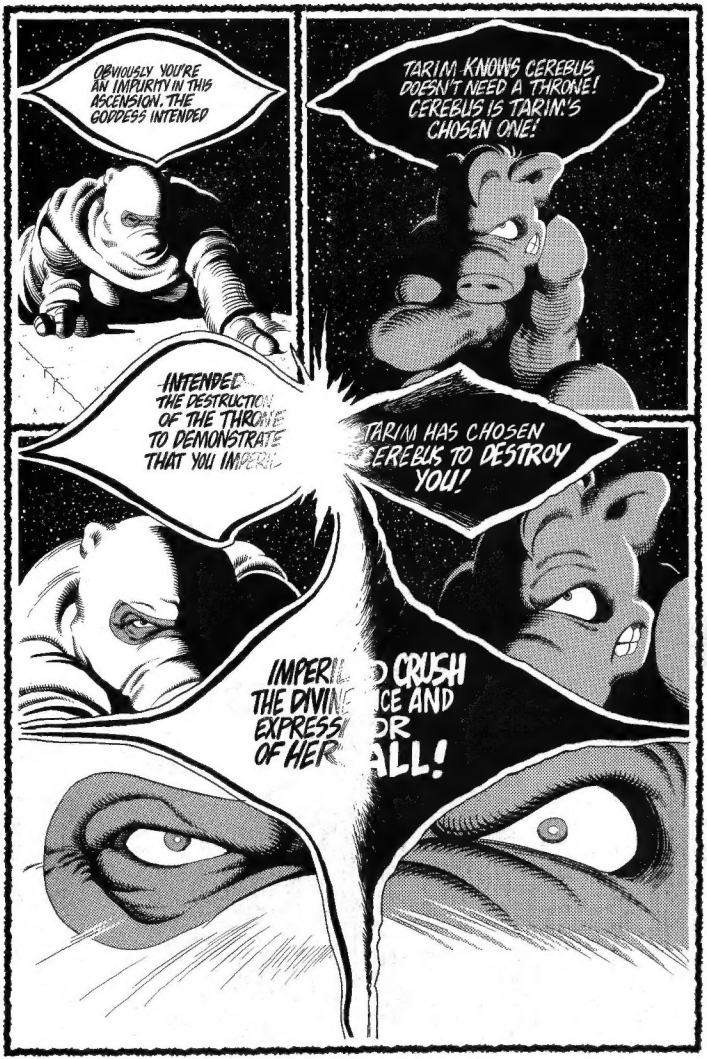




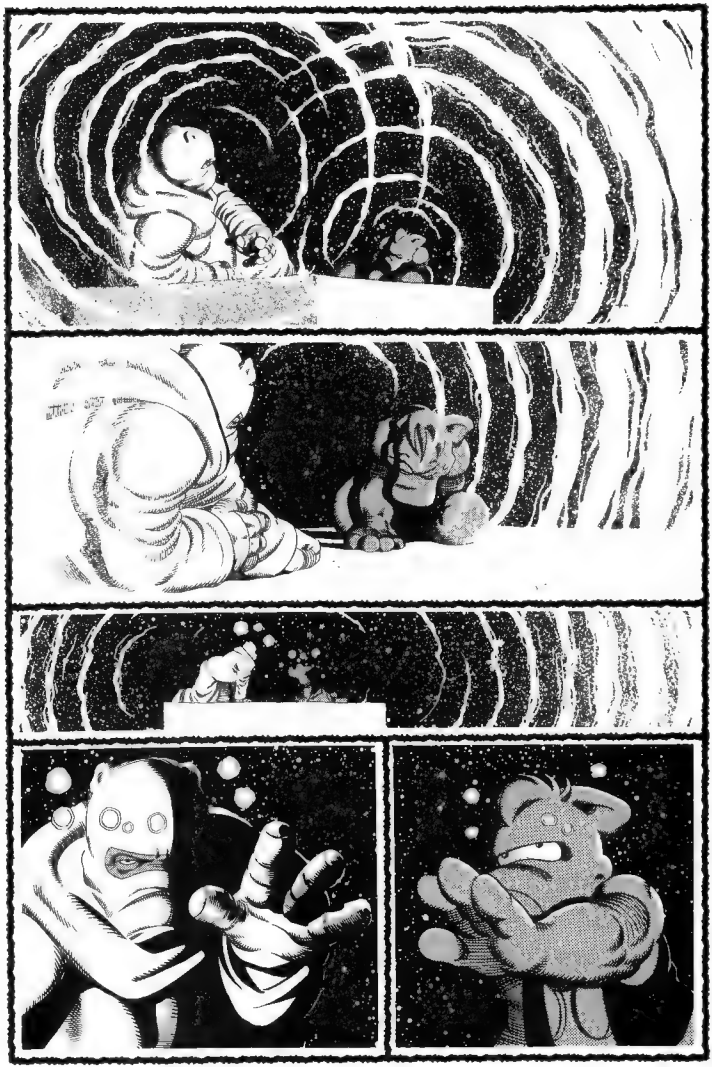

HA!
SO CEREBUS HAS NO CLAIM TO THE THROOONE, EH?!
SO TARIM HAS NO POOOWER EH?!

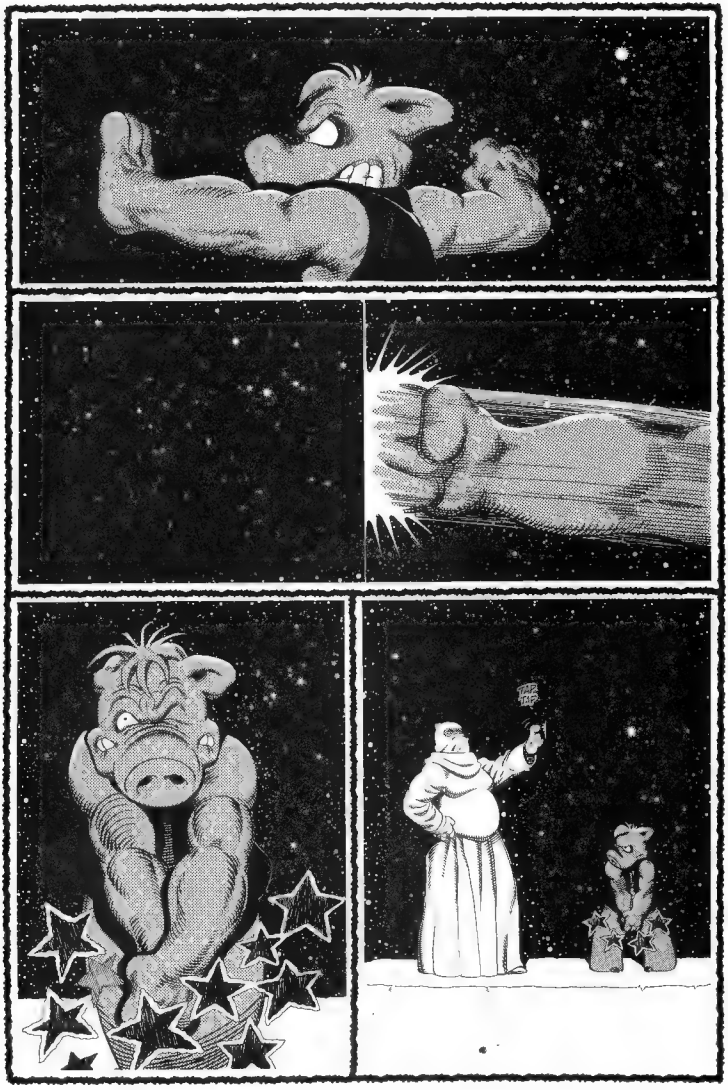

WHAT ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT?
TARIM JUST SMASHED YOUR THRONE LIKE A A
SO YOU ADMIT THE THRONE WAS MINE!...
THERE'S JUST NO TALKING TO YOU IS THERE?

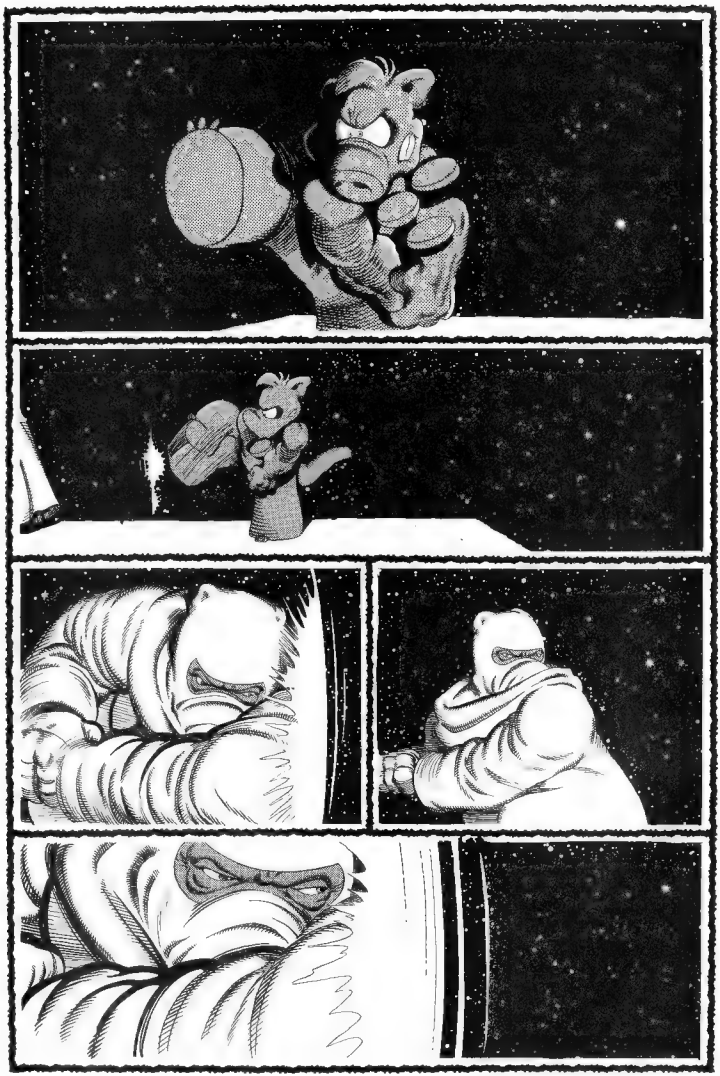

OBVIOUSLY YOU'RE AN IMPURITY IN THIS ASCENSION. THE GODDESS INTENDED
TARIM KNOWS CEREBUS DOESN'T NEED A THRONE! CEREBUS IS TARIM'S CHOSEN ONE!
INTENDED THE DESTRUCTION OF THE THRONE TO DEMONSTRATE THAT YOU IMPERIL
TARIM HAS CHOSEN CEREBUS TO DESTROY YOU!
IMPERIL THE DIVINE EXPRESSION OF HER
CRUSH ICE AND OR ALL!

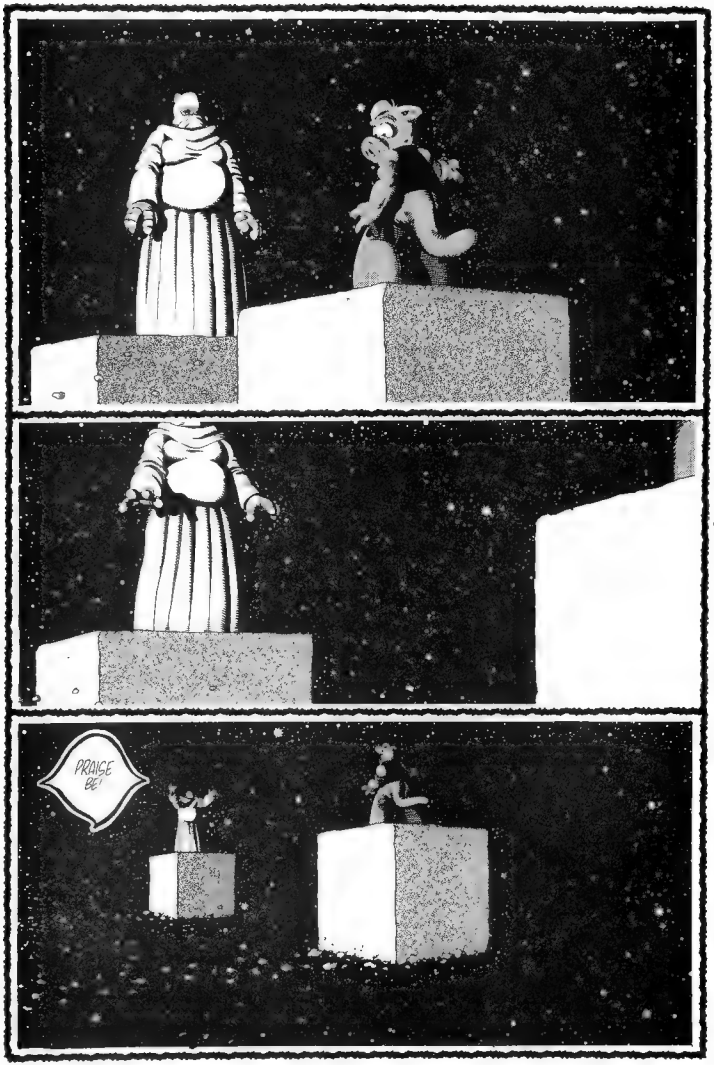
YOU MUST BE HURLED INTO THE VOID!
READY WHEN YOU ARE.

UNH!

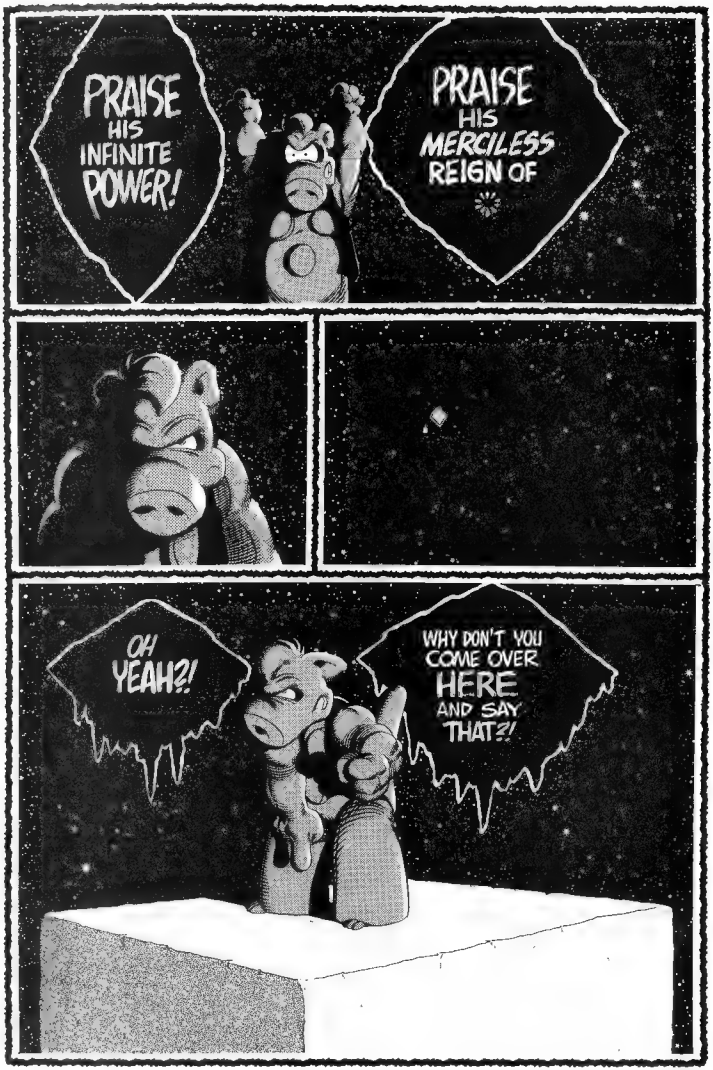


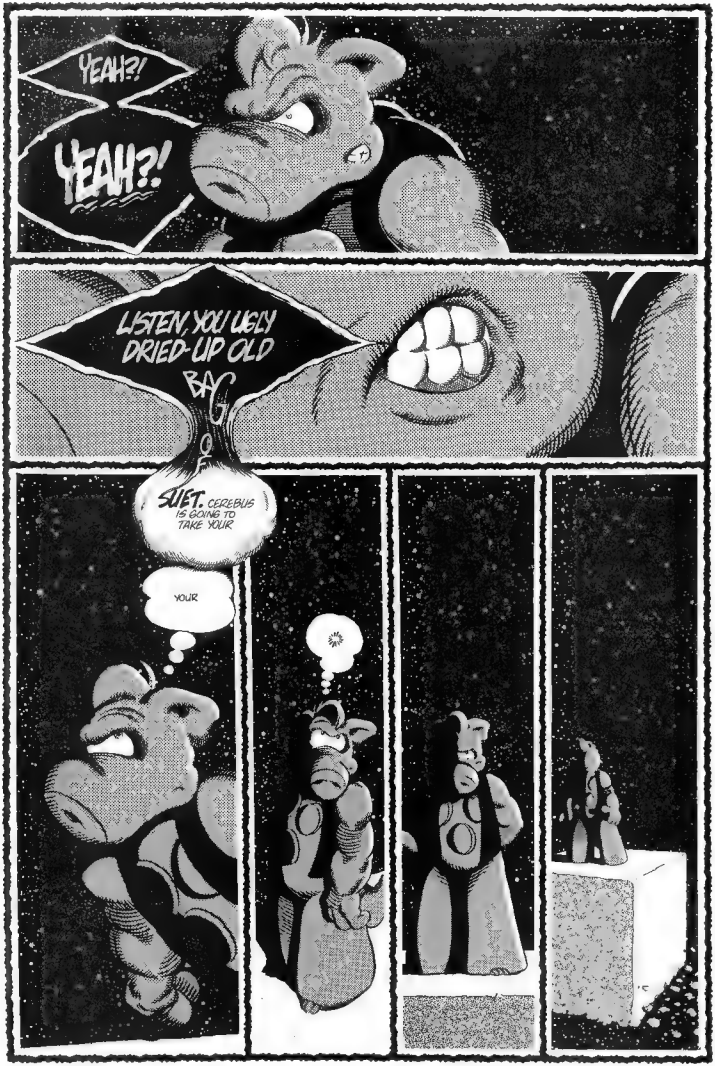





PRAISE BE!

PRAISE BE TO THE GODDESS WHO HURLS THE UNBELIEVER INTO THE VOID!..
GLORY BE TO THE ONE TRUE ASCENSION
GLORY BE TO OUR LADY!
PRAISE TARIM!


PRAISE HIS INFINITE POWER!
PRAISE HIS MERCILESS REIGN OF
OH YEAH?!
WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER HERE AND SAY THAT?!


YEAH?!
YEAH?!
LISTEN, YOU UGLY DRIED-UP OLD BAG
SHUT. CEREBUS IS GOING TO TAKE YOUR
YOUR
SHH

SHIT

AARDVARK COMMENT

P.O. BOX 1674, STATION 'C', KITCHENER, ONTARIO N2G 4R2

Dear Mr. Sim,

The most grievous sin of a writer is not being arrogant. Nor is it being insensitive, opinionated, prejudiced, or controversial. The most grievous sin of a writer is being boring. Get well soon.

Hopefully,

William A. Newman
2801 Eastman Avenue
Oakland, CA
USA 94619-1764

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

While I agree with some of what you said in *Reads*, I disagree strongly with most of it. Maybe the way you see women is true in your world, but it's not true in mine.

Avril Siddell
27 Fairview Road, Mt. Eden
Auckland 3, New Zealand

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Cerebus 186. Hoo ha!

Of course Jeff Smith was confused. Viktor Davis dares him to refute a conclusion, one Smith strongly suspects is squirrelly, by refuting the logic that Davis used to reach it. Smith cannot; the logic is airtight.

But Smith was right to be suspicious of Davis' conclusion — that women overbalance men to the same extent that birth overbalances death. The logic wasn't the problem. You can use perfect, unassailable logic to prove all manner of squirrelly things, as long as you start with a squirrelly assumption somewhere.

Davis asked Smith, "You'd agree that Death is Male?"

Smith said, "Yes."

And at that moment Smith has already lost. Once he accepts that assumption, the rest follows logically.

But it is not an indisputable assumption. Death is NOT male. Death has no gender. Men and women both die. Men and women both kill. (As do genderless falling rocks.) Death is not male. Death is not female. Death is DEATH.

And while birth is more visibly connected to female-ness than death is to male-ness, it ain't ITSELF female.

Yes, birth is "winning" over death by a margin almost too huge to comprehend. Yes, this is a BIG problem. But the problem is birth overbalancing death, not women overbalancing men. To link the two pairs without reason is to cloud the issue with, yes, EMOTION — and to make the war harder to define, much less fight.

Other than that, Mrs. Lincoln, thoroughly enjoyed your play.

Best,

Phil Rose
Sacred City
4450 Winslow Place North #3
Seattle, WA
USA 98103

★★★★★★★★★★

Mr. Dave Sim,

Hey, shithead...If I wanted to read *text*, I would be buying paperbacks...not comic books!

What The Fuck, Over?

Ralph Kirkum
3700 Charles Street #503
Baltimore, MO
U.S. Fuckin' A.

P.S. I have canceled *Hepcats* because yer buddy can't seem to keep to a schedule. In case yer takin' numbers for a survey.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:

You're no doubt going to be flooded with letters of endless length, concerning your essay in *Cerebus* #186. Some will be praising you for taking such a controversial stance; others will be howling for your head on a post. I'll leave them to it, as they no doubt all have much more free time on their hands than I. However, I was *quite* impressed with your presentation, with the serious thought and feverish energy it obviously took to write/publish it, and thus feel that I should leave you with at least two short tidbits...

One: Something I think you fail to understand, either through a lack of emotional maturity or by a set of unfortunate circumstances...is that sex with someone you have deep affection for, with someone whom you have shared a history with, with someone who is first and foremost your best friend...is actually BETTER than fucking some attractive stranger, only to discard him/her like so much refuse and then move on to the next one. If you don't understand what I'm saying here (and it has little to do with so-called moral standards), then you obviously haven't experienced what a "Merged Permanence" is all about, and perhaps you're feeling a tad bitter that it's escaped you. Or perhaps you're better off NOT knowing, because it would only end in tears. I don't know...

Whatever. When you say that for you, sex is the "gold" in a relationship and that "female emotions" are the valueless bits of paper interposed between you and the treasure, when you say that if you could have sex with a different woman every night of your life, you certainly would, *expecially* if it meant you could never have a serious relationship ever again...you're proudly announcing that you're still stuck at an adolescent level of sexual maturity, still hanging around with your mates and yelling at women you pass by on the street, "Woooo-eeee, look at THOSE knockers!" Now, that's fine if you're a horny 16-year-old dick. But seeing as how you're in your late 30s now, one would think you'd have outgrown such boorish behavior.

Or, to put it another way, there isn't a single hetero red-blooded male alive who doesn't go out of his way to check out a hot-looking babe who strays into his field of vision, myself included. Feminists can whine all they want about it, but that's how we are; we're stimulated by the sight and smell of an attractive woman (and, hey, girls, if you don't like that, stop

Pilgrimage To Provincetown

One can carry a thing for so long a time that one's relationship to it becomes uncertain. The discarding of it enlarges this as an issue. One thinks of evisceration, amputation, the mutilation of self. Years of playing the host begs the larger question: houseguest or parasite? In naming a thing, one chooses both the field of battle and the terms of engagement and risks the consequence of miscalculation. Parting with the thing brings about a judgement on the original assessment, judgement too on the subsequent imposition of each subjective view which has molded it and one's self. It is a road more or less travelled: a play on words which might be cleverness, failure or indications of a larger will taking part.

In retrospect? Still too near the event, perhaps, but let us say a long and hard labour (which evades the question, the evasion and the metaphor, provocative and, like one's self, inescapably contentious) and a birth which, if not easy, proved itself to be below the threshold of tolerability: mostly, mercifully bloodless.

And of the separation? At day's end, as with an ex-wife or ex-lover, perhaps the best that can be said is that it was now a problem for others.

He resided in the post-186 world, an exile (perhaps this is excessive except at the individual level), his Elba comfortable and suited to his purposes. For him new work supplants old. He is renewed. The thing had been assembled, piece by piece, until at last it was done. It existed, was functional. He had set its timer for September. The twenty thousand marched in lock-step to the point of ground zero. Unstable gas billowed toward open flame. The analogy suffers at the intersection of events and must be discarded in the interest of accuracy. Accounts vary. An explosion? For some, inescapable. Shrapnel wounds of varying depths and configurations, new irrigations of the flesh where none had existed previously. The flesh of the psyche differs from its more tangible cousin. For most, healing, swift healing, is second nature in the late twentieth century. For the adept, there is even the absence of scar tissue. It is a choice between the survival of the fittest and the small ambition to be a late casualty. For others? Light is hoped. The effect ranged across a variegated spectrum, from opalescent to nacreous; white was rare, which was not unexpected.

For others, a majority or a substantial minority or a rump of exceptions (food for the speculative in this), no explosion, no light. A rude flatulence. The rising sulphur stink of the cesspool or of the Beast Himself (always a possibility in the violation of a sacred totem). The meat and the marrow of the thing were swiftly distilled by the wounded for the dubious benefit of the tangentially concerned, a putrescent, scatologically tainted hors d'oeuvre the result. *There is a gas oven in Kitchener and the smell of female flesh billows from its smokestack* went the encapsulation. A torrent of outrage results, demanding, by its nature, instantaneous release. For these the victual of vengeance is not improved by the cooling of it — rather it is a morsel to be thrust inward, chewed, scorching tongue and palate, still smoking from the cooking fire. A problem here. What artery to conduct the hot blood of indignation? No daily newspaper in evidence, no graphic narrative equivalent of CNN. The only weekly vehicles are models of studied and studious decorum, democratic within fixed parameters of sentiment and nostalgia. The most known of these, transformed from tabloid format into, let us say, a politician, would have much in common with Adlai Stevenson.

The one journal (by its own forensic admission) of art and criticism is a cannon: heavy artillery for the environment, but unwieldy, slow-loading. Even as these words are written, overtures are made for contributions of gunpowder, fuse and petard. Iron is readied for the forge. In the fullness of time there will come the Shot Heard Round the Avant-Garde, a sphere of influence small enough in its composition and importance (at this late date in its proud history) that the uninitiated find it increasingly difficult to distinguish between the intended outbreak of large hostilities and the workaday whining of the flaccid and the disenfranchised.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

bathing and wear bulky burlap sacks, because it's an unchangeable fact of life). However, to get my point across in terms your average fanboy should understand, it's like the difference between appreciation of your average Image comic, which is all flash and glitter and surface appeal, but has very little to no substance — or taking out the time and effort required to search for something deeper and more rewarding, like, uh, *Cerebus* or most of the Vertigo titles.

Does this analogy make my point easier to grasp? It *amazes* me that someone who strives to create and/or promote more mature literate/artistic entertainment in a field dominated by cheap thrills and insipid crap doesn't allow that same outlook of excellence to cross over into his personal relationships with women. Yeah, it takes time. And effort. And an open line of communication. And dedication above and beyond the call of duty. But most worthwhile things do. You don't need me to tell you that.

Aw fuck, Dave. It's your life. Do what thou wilt.

Two: In your defense, I must admit that every single woman I've ever known, slept with and/or been close to, EVERY SINGLE ONE, whenever I've been engaged in any sort of intense philosophical debate with someone at a party, whenever I've spent time trying to analyze a political/social situation of passing interest, whenever I've been spellbound by an amazingly dense book or film, whenever the conversation turns to art, politics, psychology or religion, the woman in question will almost ALWAYS arch her back, make a mock pout, perhaps even playfully hit me on the shoulder...and say "You *think* too much!"

As if that were a bad thing.

Draw your own conclusions, kids.

Mark Haden Frazer
W39700 Sunnyfield Drive
Oconomowoc, WI
USA 53066

P.S.: I think you're a little off-base with your observations about John Lennon, too. His "muse" wasn't lost during his house-husband years. He still wrote, played and recorded all throughout this period, as well as listening to and analyzing a great deal of other sorts of music. He simply didn't share it with you. He set aside his public life to spend more time with

his family — something he obviously felt strongly about and was more than entitled to do. To condemn him for this is sheer madness. Lennon was writing and playing music, eating, sleeping, pissing, screwing and hanging out with the same several mates nearly every fucking day for over a decade. In order to grow, in order to mature, both as an artist and as a man, he needed a change. He had reached the point where being one of the lads no longer interested him and he wanted something more. This is a natural evolution, not a Shitty Cataclysmic Conspiracy of Hideously Evil Discordia.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Your artwork arrived and has been at the manufacturer for more than a week now. I have asked that the mugs be delivered by mid-October, if possible. As soon as they arrive, I will send you a supply and you may put them to their proper use.

Dave, I was very impressed with your design, and hope the mug and printing thereon does your efforts full justice. The staff here in the office was likewise impressed with the mug art. Based on their enthusiastic response, I think we will be picking up new *Cerebus* readers, in addition to rewarding those long-time loyal readers.

I would have written earlier, but *Cerebus* #186 caught my eye as it passed across my desk with the weekly review copies. I wanted to read the Viktor Davis transcripts more completely, having skimmed them enough to find points of interest, before getting back to you.

To be honest, Dave, I'm not sure what to make of Viktor Davis. You can imagine the reaction of the women in our office. No one thinks you are serious, apart from me. A long-time *Cerebus* reader (female) in our office suggested that you were playing mind games with the reader, something she asserts you've done regularly in the past. I suppose that's possible. And I'm no good judge of that, being an irregular reader of *Cerebus* myself. However, fifteen pages (seven-to-eight thousand words at least) seem a lot for a put-on, especially when one considers how densely written the material is. There's a lot of thought here. Too much, I think, to be the product of a premature Hallowe'en trick.

Assuming you are serious, I can't say that I follow your logic or find myself much in agreement. The women's movement has produced more than its share of lunatic logic (deconstructionist literary theory, the male as the all-monster, etc.), but most women, to my mind, are as rational and reasonable as are males. Neither sex has a monopoly on foolishness.

I see your point regarding the artist, but remind you that we cannot all be artists. It's lucky for you and other artists that not everyone tries. Someone has to make families, then babies (a source of future admirers for artists and their works), and do the mundane labor that must be done if artists are to have pencils to draw with and beer to drink at the end of a tough, creative day.

During periods of my life, I have earned income as a writer of fiction (I co-authored a novel with Howard Waldrop for Ballantine, have had several short stories published professionally, and turned out about twenty-five comics scripts for the Warren titles during my college days), so I appreciate your point that wives, families, children and work can get in the way of the Muse. They sure can. But that's life, and most of us who experience the trade-offs feel that we got by far the better end of the stick. I have been married twenty years, my son is thirteen, and to the extent that it matters, my business is seventeen. I could give up my business just as I at one time gave up the ambition to become a full-time writer. But I could never give up the richness of life that is mine as a consequence of the two people nearest and dearest to my heart.

Different people pursue different paths and in the process often see the world in vastly different ways. I think Viktor Davis is on a path right for him. So, too, we may hope, are most people, so that more often than not, they end up more or less where they want to be at the end of the road.

For my own part, I see the design of any intricate machine (be it a real machine or a business organization) as a potential exercise in art. As much raw creativity goes into such designs as goes into most art. Beyond that, the opportunity to write, if I only wished to, has always been with

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The computer nets — one is tempted to defer to the acolytes of those Churches of Latter-Day Opinion by making proper nouns of both: Computer Nets, adding the smiley face of the consensus to preserve irony — become the pre-emptive first and last resort in the court of public opinion, greedily devouring each crisis: party guests who arrive early and view the smoked salmon and caviar as a just reward for punctuality. Doubtless 'net' is intended as an earnest and economical diminutive of 'network'. Idiosyncratically, however, one envisions a technological trawler, metaphorically casting wide its interconnected and largely incoherent subjectivities, the encircling of a thing widely misconstrued as containment or (among the genuinely schizophrenic) reinforcement of the illusion of active participation.

He is told that, for a time, discussion of issue 186 has overtaken that of the Legion of Super-Heroes (revered icon of the Church of Latter-Day Opinion, wafer and wine to the congregation proper). The amusement value is not inconsiderable. Very much in the order of things, the amusement endures beyond the condition which engenders it. Outrage spent, the largest majority agrees to disagree with itself, and the orthodox return to the discrediting of those heresies which seek to tamper with the Father, Son and Spirit aspects of Lightning Lad.

It is necessary, according to Hemingway's advice, that we be brave in a bad world and prepare ourselves to die alone. With 186 he had anticipated death, his life and world beyond it screened from his sight by an opaque barrier. Uncertainty as to outcome brings with it the crystal clarity of existentialism. The question of death as it attached itself to 186 was one of degree and number. A small death? Many small deaths? To contemplate potential consequence is to give fear a toehold. Which is the larger dread: the loss of a metaphorical limb, some part of one's vitality, the good opinion of one's peers? Passing beyond the hard curtain, one finds that the world might no longer be bad, merely impotent — ineffective even in its traditional mechanisms of stifling, even-handed neutrality. Which leaves merely the reaction and the implied hall-of-mirrors question of reacting to the reaction.

The advantage of so high a climb, so ambitious a voyage, is that one is

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reassured by the tendency of changing tastes and sensibilities to favour one's efforts in the long term. Tossed upon the turbulent seas of trendy and immediate retrospect, each of the components of his large work had, over time, found safe harbour in the marketplace. If *Jaka's Story* was moored in the upscale environs of a Newport or a Marina del Rey of critical opinion and commercial success, bobbing serenely at its gilded tether, and if *Melmoth* was lashed to a worn and splintered jetty in a half-forgotten fishing village, the dichotomy was untroubling to him.

The temptation, of course, was to anticipate the inevitable and to simply pass on, to submit himself to the transmigration of his artistic sensibilities from *Reads* into *Minds*, his new life, his new book, and let the Devil take the hindmost. It occurs to him to offer the small, aforementioned journal complimentary advertising space for the issue which would contain the shot intended to strike *Reads* below the water line, the gunpowder of his circulation being considerably the greater of the two. He envisions a page of excerpts from the most inflammatory and derogatory of the wave of Aardvark Comment criticisms now fallen off to an apathetic trickle: a wink to those who recognize the new and stolen voice, the oblique reference in his essay's title, a tributary's tribute to a river dammed (in his view) and damned (indisputably) by lesser beings.

What other choice? To meet all comers in the hot, hard dust of the arena, piercing vitals here, striking off limbs there? Raising the collective of the readership to the purple and gilt adornments of the Emperor's box, there to yawn and roll their eyes? Where outcome is framed by certainty (having the last word), bravery becomes false, affected, an illusion. And what of the would-be opponents? No Morrigan in evidence or, more significantly, no Beatrice. The instinct of the Conqueror is sound. The male housepets are legion. If they are ineffective fighters, their greater numbers are a kind of compensation for this fact. It is unlikely, but not impossible, for one to be nibbled to death by ducks.

(Parenthetically he asserts his perceived necessity to stand as counterpoint to certain larger presences within his gender. The effect upon the culture of Graves' *The White Goddess* and, more ready to hand,

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me these past seventeen years (Lone Star Comics, rather than marriage ended my writing career).

Recently, I began writing a novel, my first such effort in many years. No Muse excited me to do this work. Rather, my son inspired me. The novel I am writing, a mix of fantasy and bits of personal experience, is up to 70,000 words with half again as much to go. I'm discovering all over again just how much fun it is to write. And I'm discovering that, even with a family and eight retail stores to ride herd on, I could still produce at least one 100,000-word novel per year. And finally, and with all false modesty aside, I think something in those elapsed years gave me a better sense of word and image than I once had. Right now I, my audience of one, am impressed with the quality of my writing. I may just be a little better than I dreamed I might be. Well, we'll see what the easy critics say, my wife and son first, then maybe I'll chance the reactions of tougher critics.

Viktor Davis is right; love can kill the Muse, but only if it's the wrong kind. The right kind of love can do just the opposite.

Dave, over the years you have made me very angry, have puzzled me, entertained me, shared common ground with me, and always impressed me with your honesty and sincerity. You say what you think, a rare and admirable trait in a world full of sheep and empty faces. I didn't get my work done today, at least not all of it, because of this letter, but something drove me (maybe a very small muse) to write and say more than simply thanks for getting your art to me. One day I would really enjoy sitting down with you and talking about the ticking of the world.

Respectfully yours,

Buddy Saunders
Lone Star Comics & Science Fiction, Inc.
511 East Abram Street
Arlington, TX
USA 76010

★★★★★★★★★★

Dave Sim,

Your comic is a disappointment. The 186th issue reveals *Cerebus* as the *Mein Kampf* of comics. Fear and hatred of women motivate your disturbed and misguided argument of the "Female Emotional Void and the Rational Male Light."

Shame on you for turning out to be another fanatical, mean-spirited misogynist.

Sook-Yin Lee
P.O. Box 88151
Chinatown Postal Outlet
Vancouver, B.C.
V6A 2V0

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Victor:

I think you've stretched your generalizations too far, so that they grow too thin and shred like one-sheet facial tissue.

I believe that what you say about the conflict between reason and emotion is largely clear and correct. I think what you say about the disparity between birth and death rings true. Earth's population has more than doubled in my lifetime and, had I ever reproduced, I would now be having both unpleasant thoughts and alarmed feelings about the world my grandchildren would already be growing into. For the sake of all the children's children, population stabilization should have started at least a generation ago.

But—

"The Male Light"/"The Female Void." **C'm ooonnn**, Victor.

Every human being has shreds of thought adrift among clouds of immediate and emotional distractions, like hydrogen in the gravitational fields of interstellar space, or protein chains floating within the lightning-stroked tides of the primeval seas. Hydrogen clumps, cramps, fuses, becomes self-sustaining light. Proteins clump, complicate, reproduce, and become self-replicating life. Thoughts compress, elongate, interconnect, and aha! into inspiration.

The compression and connection of thought fragments into reason is no more intrinsically gender-based than is the emotional avoidance of reason.

It is with that step that I think you are confusing actual insight with the color of the emotional filter you have tinged that insight with to make it **feel right** to you. Fuzzy thinking, youth!

Today we've seen the last day of a conference whose topic was stabilizing population (...and then rolling population back, say I, but then I'm already alive). It was the representative of the Male Pope

who argued most loudly for unrestricted babies, for no abortion or contraception. You may say, "Well, of course he did: he represents the Mother Church." Actually he, like the Muslim hard-liners and the Christian pro lifers, represents religious fundamentalism. That is, people whose "I think—" and "I believe—" are based on a faith neither formed from reason nor allowed to be contaminated by reason.

"I think—" and "I believe—" may be as effective impediments to the Light as "I feel—".

It is women — particularly women in any society where manhood = the ability create pregnancy – who speak out against unrestricted births. (When a woman I knew served in the Peace Corps in Kenya some years back, the questions she first was asked by the women in the villages concerned birth control, particularly methods that did not need their husband's cooperation.) You picture the Emotional Female Void sucking out the Male Light's brains/soul/creativity. Hmmm. Maybe so. In some cases. In other situations the Female Light is shackled, bound, and burdened by unwanted pregnancy. (One assumes you assert what you think and believe by taking the responsibility to see that none of your Sequential Temporary Voids suffers this inconvenience.) Unthinking Pricks are just as parasitical to Female Lights as Female Voids are to Male Lights.

no signature

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:

Having read issue #186, I must tell you how sad and angry your "work" makes me feel. I don't know if you were once sexually abused or something, but the anger toward women in your work is blatant and disgusting. I know of so many women who are so unlike the "voids" you describe, and men who are such jerks the only light they know is Coors. I will cease to read your comic and I am going to my comic-book store owner to persuade him to stop selling your awful book.

Well, actually, no. Just hosing you, Dave. Hope you haven't gotten too much hate mail.

It was nice to have so many of your views laid out systematically. Usually I was challenged and intrigued by many of your ideas — even (especially) by the ones with which I disagreed. (Just so you don't think I'm too emotional, when I say I 'like' an idea, I mean I find it challenging, intellectually rigorous, and plausible. By 'dislike', I am mostly taking issue with you.)

Like your view of the domination of Emotion in the media and politics. Too true. Especially in the United States. I think Canada is somewhat less likely to elect 'good Fathers and Husbands'; but that is mostly due to the different governing bodies which the two countries have. Parliament is inherently less telegenic than the Presidency or Congress.

I am increasingly interested in revisionist ideas about 'patriarchy'. You're right, marriage and Merged Permanence are not ideas which the average guy would come up with. However, I would not call the institutions of Merged Permanence completely matriarchal either Let's be fair: living conditions for most women in most areas of the world over most of human history have been real crappy — and worse than men's living conditions. Marriage seems to me to be more of a compromise. Men get most of the day-to-day perks (property rights, violence, etc.) but they must act them out in a female-based institution. As you so rightly said back in *Women*: "Men and women deserve each other."

Which brings me to your general ideas of men/women, light/void. There is little that you said about women with which I would disagree. However, I disagree in your implications about men — that they might be any better or more spirit-full. If women are to be divided into "women" and "Muses", then men should likewise be divided into "men" and "thinkers". Yes, most women are useless leeches which suck the soul out of whoever they can find to feed upon. But most men are self-indulgent oafs, who, when they can summon the energy, direct it into acts of violence. Muses and thinkers (the same thing, I think, except that 'Muse' is gender-specific) are very few and far between The Dantes and Newtons appear only once several hundred years. The relative number of artistic men in the world is so low as to be almost nil.

If there are a greater number of male thinkers up until this point in history, I think it's mostly because

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Alan Moore's *From Hell* had become seminal motivation in the genesis of *Reads*. Even as he admired the scholarship, the eloquence, the sheer persuasiveness of these and other texts, he was moved to ask, 'Why one of *us*?' If some ancient battle had been lost, some patriarchal prison sentence imposed upon Opposing Spirit, does that Spirit not make itself ridiculous by pressing its opponent into service in seeking redress? With unmistakable signs that 'there's a war on', what is one to make of those who hasten into the role of collaborator with the universal rationalisations attached to that degraded sensibility? Is this misguided chivalry or a petition for some role in a provisional government-in-waiting? Brother against brother, while the Conqueror lolls upon her divan, victory assured, the least participation unnecessary? The die is cast, it seems. To the death, then.)

An inventory, perhaps. What form favours the Conqueror? A disembodied, preternaturally cheerful voice spilling through a metaphorical ear-piece, a voice at home with the transitory imprecision of politically correctspeak seeking always excuse misnamed as reason? 'If you suffered sexual abuse as a child…press one now. If you hate your mother…press two.' The options, tiresome in their predictability, trudge wearily along the canal of his auditory sense to hurl themselves in desultory and irritating fashion against the vibrating drum. Fear of intimacy, repressed homosexuality, fear of women, hatred of women, resentment and anger forged in the crucible of failed relationships. The options enter the realm of double digits. They are unfamiliar and alien concepts to him. All of them. There is a moment's silence. 'Are you still there?' The mechanical question is toneless to the point of being unrecognizable as inquiry. 'Are you still there?' The question, unless he hangs up, will repeat itself until the apocalypse descends. He hangs up.

We are arguing over percentages.

Ah!

Amid the dross, a diamond, potentially. So easy to miss in the stultifying ennui provoked by the predictable. This strikes a hard resonant note in his awareness, fuels his first instincts. For we are discussing hidden things, things lost to our view and, consequently, open only to uninformed speculation. The

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grisly imagery of the housepets in his audience, devoured by their mates. Amid the disapprobation, was there the least concession that such a metaphor can be true? Merged Permanence is a hidden thing. To discuss marriage, to put forward a proposition that partnerships which portray themselves as having equality and happiness as their basis are oftentimes unequal and unhappy is to peer over the transom of a locked door, the long-hidden world of female power and male power in individual negotiation. If he extracts the concession (a tactical maneuver) that such situations exist, the seal on Pandora's Box is breached. He speculates openly, publicly, that such situations are more the rule than the exception. The countering argument is that they are the exception rather than the rule.

We are arguing over percentages.

To make the suggestion is to commit an act of violence against the body politic of the consensus and its good opinion of itself. Genuine equality of influence, control in tandem, seems unlikely to him. Is it a fair question to ask if a car (with two steering wheels, two gas pedals, two brakes, driven by two people simultaneously) is implausible conceptually? Recoiling from the underpinnings of the question, sequestering it from serious consideration, doesn't, to him, refute its validity. It seems natural to assume that, in moving from an age when cars, ideally, had one steering wheel, to an age when cars, ideally, have two steering wheels, various kinds of legerdemain of portrayal have taken place. One drives and the other imitates the movement of the dominating steering wheel. Possibly there is a taking of turns and a distinction between a long turn and a short turn: the setting of overall course as contrasted with minor corrections at critical or uncritical junctures. It is possible that one steering column is disconnected entirely from the wheels. Still the illusion is maintained that cars function admirably with two steering wheels. And with the illusion maintained, with the governing principle that the actuality of who is *driving* and who is *being driven* is 'none of your business', it seems plausible that, in the hidden world of Merged Permanence's perception of itself, a kind of coup d'état has taken place. If he is unable, because of the nature of the structure being discussed, to support his argument with hard numbers, if he is forced

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of the domestic compromise which I hypothesized earlier. Men have had the resources and flexibility as to how they choose to lead their lives; women have not had the options.

And, of course, there are all the minor artists. The Brontës may not have been Dante, but they sure as hell were better than most male writers of the past 200 years. (Blah. I hate this competitive analysis of artists. Obviously, Descartes is better than Joseph Butler, but was he a bigger thinker than Pascal? Newton? Generally, a useless way of looking at art.)

The point is, a Muse is a Muse (or a Thinker or whatever). But they are such a minor portion of the population at large that they are next to useless for comparing against the greater part of humanity.

Most women are voids so they shouldn't have the vote? Maybe, but they deserve it no less than the average irrational holder of the XY chromosomes. Since I know of no one capable of deciding who is a thinker and who is not, it seems irrational to divide political participation by means of gender. Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's, and render unto art that which is art's. If your concern is politics, do politics; if you are compelled to do art, do art. No one can serve two masters; best to choose your interest and then stay away from the other.

No matter how wrong I think you are about certain issues, I sill love *Cerebus*. And I respect you for coming out with your beliefs, no matter how unpopular you know them to be. Takes courage. But I think your readership is, on the whole, smart enough to realize that your art is much more important than you — it transcends the artist himself.

One more point: You seemed to argue that one proof of the failure of Merged Permanence is that it leaves you empty, hurts, etc. ... i.e., it makes you FEEL bad. Perhaps you should think about that a little more.

Best wishes,

Mark J. Russell
200 South 42nd Street #3R
Philadelphia, PA
USA 19104

P.S.: Sorry the text is so messy. The end of my attempt at Merged Permanence has left me without a computer and only a crappy typewriter.

P.P.S.: Any thoughts about friendly merged permanence with pets (no sex — well, only a little)? They are leeches, too, but they never leave.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave and gang,

Okay, *Reads* is finished.

At least a few readers are probably glad, since several of the letters in Aardvark Comment have not spoken too highly of the prose sections. I have to admit, I'd like to see a little more of the gray guy myself, but I have found the prose sections by Victor Davis interesting and somewhat entertaining.

But that changed with issue 186. In that issue I found the prose section more than just interesting and entertaining. I'm not saying I completely understand everything you wrote, or that I agree with you 100% on what I believe I did understand. But issue 186 will definitely be reread by me several times over the next few months, and probably beyond. Too bad it's the end of *Reads*.

I've a little story to tell, one which I believe best sums up the battle between the sexes.

Several months ago some female friends and I got together one night at my friend Andy's apartment to play some games. Scrabble, Trivial Pursuit and the like. As things turned out, Andy and I were the only males present among four or five women. Andy's thinking, in my experience, has been predominantly Kevillist, though he would make a great son or husband for a Cirinist. To put it more bluntly, Andy *is* George from *Seinfeld*. I think Andy would actually take that as a compliment.

Moving on: During one of our games the conversation somehow or other got around to the differences between men and women. I was outnumbered easily. The room was full of women and Andy wasn't about to come to my defense. After taking abuse for a while, I said something like, "All women want to do is control men. That's it. That's all they want."

Cold stares and silence flooded the room. Andy kept quiet for the time being.

My friend Christine (whom I love dearly) said, "That's not true. There's no way that's true."

My reply: "Of course it's true. Women want to control every single, little part of our lives."

Suddenly every woman in the room looked at Andy, as if his agreeing with them would totally destroy anything I had to say.

Andy stayed quiet for a few seconds. He looked around the gaming table and eyed everyone.

Finally, he smiled and said, "But it's true."

I cracked up. I thought I was going to start puking, I was laughing so hard. I almost fell out of my chair.

Several of the women began to speak at once, so I couldn't hear everything that was said.

But I did hear one thing.

Christine said something like: "God's biggest mistake was making men first. They think they know everything because of it."

I shot back with, "Adam's biggest mistake was letting God take that damn rib out."

I died laughing again. God, my gut hurt.

Christine did have something else to say, however. She whispered it and I acted as if I didn't hear. "Well, then you guys would be stuck diddling pop bottles," she said.

And I think that sums it up very nicely.

Or, to be more grotesque, my friend Sammy has been known to say, "Everything man does, he does for pussy. If God just hadn't given us a dick, then we'd all be all right. What would we do? Why, we'd go fishing or hiking all day long. We'd all get along. There'd be no wars. Not a whole hell of a lot would get done, but who'd care?"

And that sums it up very quickly.

I'm not saying I wish God hadn't created women. Perish the thought! But...well, you know what I mean, Dave. And I'm not advocating castration for all males either.

On to other stuff.

I've got a question. Possibly a stumper.

In *Women* Astoria writes that Cirin has a son named Gerrik. Supposedly there are only three aardvarks: Po, Cerebus and Cirin. Then what is Gerrik? Is he human or aardvark or none of the above?

The answer could be extremely complicated but interesting. If Gerrik is human, then why? If he is an aardvark, then there are more than just the three aardvarks

Lots of new (or not so new) questions come to mind. Are the aardvarks a race of beings or are they some sort of human mutant? Were there ever more of them at one time? Who was Gerrik's father? Will we ever see Gerrik or have we already seen him and it has slipped my mind?

On to other stuff, part II.

Lee Brundel. Write me back. As of October 1 I haven't heard from you. Was my reply letter that awful?

I guess I'll bag it for now, Dave

Keep writing and drawing. Lots of us love it. And if somebody doesn't? Piss on 'em.

Tyrone Johnston
1911 Western Ave., Apt. #11F
Chillicothe, OH
USA 45601-1051

A slight P.S.: Dammit, Dave, you've really got me thinking. Women, women, women. God, I love them! But they drive me totally apeshit too! What to do? What to do? Just when you think you've got the whole thing figured out, a new one comes along and you do something stupid like fall in love. No, I'm not in love at the moment and I haven't been for at least three years now. But, DAMN, they still mess with my mind. Help me, Dave!

Help!

Help!

help

Another slight P.S.: Hell with women, Dave. I'll just drink another Guinness. It's not a pop bottle, but hey...

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CONTINUED

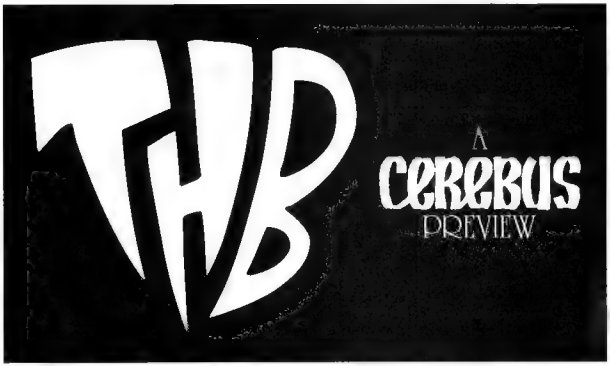
to admit that his belief is founded on ostensible and circumstantial evidence, then it must at least be conceded that those who deny the possibility of what he offers being True (or 'True' or true or 'true') do so from an equally tentative and instinct-based perception.

We are arguing over percentages.

If his observation that 'all is not what it seems' (widely misconstrued as 'the good guys are really the bad guys') is now modified to 'all is *possibly* not what it seems', he hastens to point out that the concession is made without surrendering an inch of his territory in the debate. We argue about the percentages because they are hidden from us. To concede even that much, he recognizes, places his opponents in an existential dilemma; it implies the possibility that a hidden decision has been made and a course has been embarked upon whose outcome is uncertain. Uncertainty is a fearful thing to those who place emotion ahead of reason and there is no guarantee of light at the end of the tunnel. All that is certain is that there is no turning back.

And so ends his compromise. He returns to his easier and more enjoyable work. He will select, first, the correspondence which will stand in opposition to or support of his text. To revisit the world of prose recalls the last hard days of *Reads* and seems appropriate, fitting. The adopting of a new voice has not been attempted since *Jaka's Story*. If the results are satisfying only to himself, the reader might take solace that his attentions have been more fully engaged in the crafting of this shared forum than at any time in recent memory.

With assurance, little can be said, except that the late-twentieth-century mind grows bored with any topic, any viewpoint, long before the point has been belaboured to the satisfaction of those prone to the belabouring of points. In this regard, the consensus, including himself, will be served. If new insight occurs either in himself or in his correspondents, he will renew the exercise with pleasure, recalling to him, as it does, salt air, the touristy jumble of closely packed buildings along the graceful curve of Commercial Street, the dark and musty magic of the Old Colony, the aromatic seafood atmosphere of the Lobster Pot, all that is good and potentially great in the topmost point on that hard and muscular curve that is the scorpion's tail of Cape Cod.



There is a potential giant in our midst.

Self-publishers tend to come in two distinct shapes: those who have a single story line which obsesses them and which they disseminate to their readership with varying regularity, and those who have diverse interests and many stories to tell, which they disseminate to their readership with varying regularity.

Paul Pope self-publishes graphic novels.

His first was *Sin Titulo* ('Untitled' in Spanish). One scans the package in vain for an NBM or Tundra logo, one scans the indicia for 'originally appeared in serialized form in...'. No, there is only Horse Press, Paul's imprint. Being something of an expert in matters of self-publishing, one is compelled to regard it as an imposture; monied interests *must* lurk in the background. Then comes *The Ballad of Doctor Richardson*, one hundred and fourteen pages to *Sin Titulo*'s seventy eight, less than a year later. A shorter work in digest form, a series of postcards. One cautions the young firebrand, advises serialisation as a means of conserving capital, lowering overhead — the graphic narrative equivalent of 'take small bites and chew your food carefully'. As the Preview deadline looms, one anguishes about a misstep, self-awareness as impediment, the fatal need to resolicit the first issue, 'this is harder than it looks'. Perhaps there are a dozen pages completed: the illusion can be created that Mr. Pope will, in the fullness of time, get his shit together. One arrives at a Toronto comic-book convention, prepared to talk pep, unjangle rookie nerves, massage the fighter's metaphorical shoulders.

There is a brightly coloured pile of pillow-shaped objects, staples straining mightily to contain the unbridled creativity. If this is the fruit of his labours, it has more in common with a watermelon than a tangerine.

The first issue is one hundred and four pages.

One gapes. One goggles. One sputters.

One is informed that this is not the Large Work, scheduled for later the following year. This is not the Magnum Opus. This is a Burlesque, a Light Opera, a Comedia for a time of transition, personally and professionally. The boyish features scan distant horizons. Distractedly he opines that the Light Touch came less easily than had been anticipated. He is pleased with the final third, dissatisfied with the first two thirds. The girl (HR Watson) is the key and will dominate the ensuing chapters. The core of the work, having been revealed to him, the controls and balances and levers no longer a mystery, one is left with the impression that the remaining pages (a hundred? two hundred?) are viewed as a technical exercise, merely: a small challenge to the prodigious aptitudes.

Riding home in one's limousine, one begins to read. Several pages are done with washes. Evidently these are not compatible with the Light Touch desired and are abandoned. Another sequence has a pencilled accompaniment. The printer is not up to the challenge and this too is gone. Knobs are fiddled, and parameters flex and frolic and then lock into place. Ah, humour, the intellect seems to say, from beneath the superficies. The scent of a classic is suddenly rich in the immediate atmosphere. Back at the apartment, last call at the local watering hole is imminent.

One definitely needs a drink.

A *potential* giant in our midst? One might as well contemplate the onset of World War II and venture the opinion that 'this could get ugly'.

One is suddenly, exceedingly grateful, that nearly four thousand pages of *Cerebus* are in print. One fears that a seventeen-year head start might not suffice. One is tempted by an unworthy inclination to print an excerpt from the first, less accomplished part of the book, SOMEBODY STOP THIS GUY! The inclination is, of course, transitory. A Big Piece is called for. Let the word go forth.

Paul Pope is here.

He's self-publishing.

And nothing — *nothing* — will ever be the same.

Sin Titulo $9.95 U.S., $12.95 Canadian; *Ballad of Dr Richardson* $9.95 U.S., $12.95 Canadian, *THB* #1 $5.50 U.S., $7.50 Canadian *Horse Press*, PO Box 3112, Columbus, Ohio, 43210-0112.

Who's that? I don't think he's supposed to be here...
HEE HEE
He looks like a great big, ugly bug!
YUM-YUM!
And he's between TWB and me!
But I have this!
It ST.II doesn't work!
I'm TRAPPED!
AUGUSTUS!
... I SAY I COMING!
So! UH... DO YOU HAVE TO TAKE A LOGIC EXAM, TOO? UH...
I AM ALREADY LOGICAL.
REALLY!?
LET'S SEE HOW LOGICAL YOU REALLY ARE!
IF YOU WISH, PORKCHOP GIRL.

uh, uh... "ROBOTS ARE NOT LIVING THINGS". TRUE OR FALSE!?
TRUE
OKAY!
AND YOU'RE A ROBOT!
TRUE
SO, YOU AREN'T ALIVE!
THAT IS CORRECT. I AM NOT.
That didn't stop him! I need an equation to stop him!
OKAY! I'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE FOR YOU!
ALRIGHT.
OKAY!
Thank Dummy! Thank!

WELL?
AH!
I'M WAITING, MY LITTLE CRABCAKE.
UH, UH... OKAY! 'ONLY LIVING THINGS CAN MOVE!'
OH, NO YOU DON'T.
I SAID I WAS LOGICAL, NOT STUPID!
HUH?
YOU'RE TRYING TO TRICK ME.
DID YOU THINK I'D FALL FOR THAT?

HA HA HA HA!
WHAT A DOPE!
HA HA!
THB!
THB!
THB!
THB! YOU GOTTA--
OOPS!

OH NO!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING.
I DON'T EVEN SEE THB DOWN THERE!
THB!
...OH, MAN. I'M DEAD! HE'LL GET ME, AND HOW!
I'm YESTERDAY'S NEWS! I'LL NEVER SEE LOLLIE AGAIN!
NEVER SEE THE JIGGLER!
...WAITAMINUTE!
IT'S UP TO ME IF I LIVE OR DIE! I'M IN CONTROL!
I CAN FIND A WAY OUTTA THIS!
YEAH! THIS ISN'T SO BAD.
I CAN FIGURE SOMETHING OUT.
OPEN UP, LITTLE YUMMY-YUMMY!
AAH! IT'S HIM!

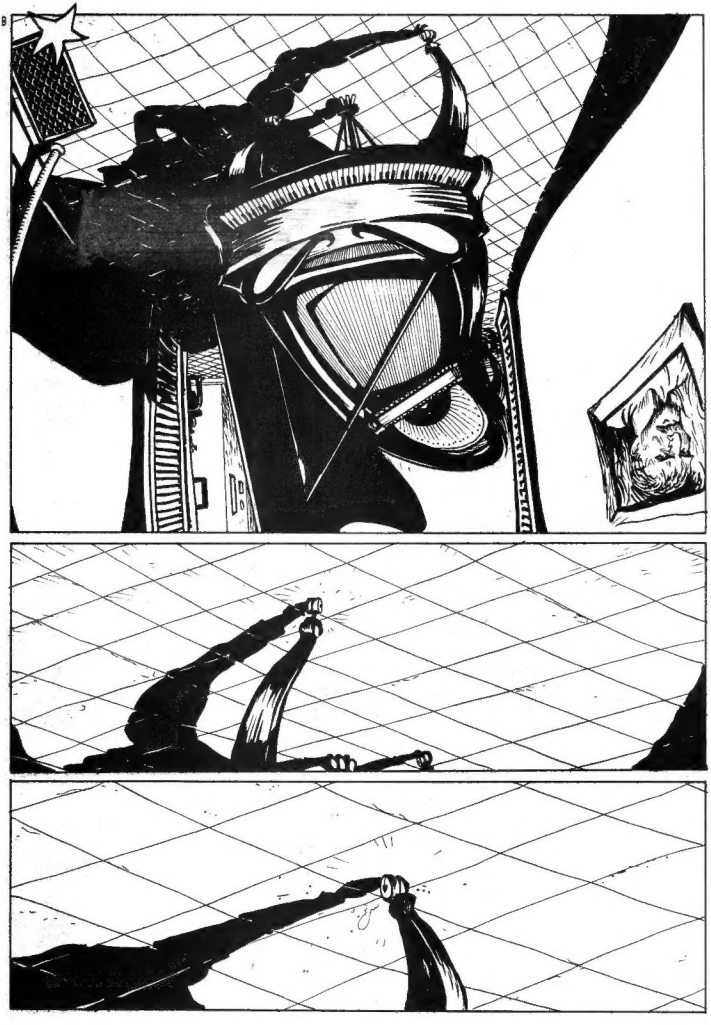
OPEN UP, DELICIOUS! PLEASE!
UH, UH! LISTEN, YOU!
DID YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU'RE GONNA CATCH ME -- YIKE! YOU--
YOU- YOU'LL FIRST HAVE TO TRAVEL SOME- UH! --SOME DISTANCE TO REACH ME!
YES, LITTLE GIRL. I KNOW THAT.
AND, AND, BEFORE YOU REACH ME, DID YOU KNOW..
I'M GIVING YOU TO THE COUNT OF THREE BEFORE I BATTER DOWN THIS DOOR, LITTLE PIGLET!!
OK! DONE!
Hey! He's Totally Cheating!
TWO! AAH!
HEY, YOU! LISTEN!
DID YOU KNOW YOU GOTTA FIRST GO HALF OF SOME DISTANCE TO GET TO ME!?
YES!
HIS FINGER IS LIKE A PIECE OF BISCOTTI!

And it bends like t-in fo-!
BUT BEFORE YOU GET HALFWAY, YOU FIRST GOTTA GO HALF OF THAT HALF?
OF COURSE! AAH! MY FINGER!
AAH!
SO, YOU'D HAVE TO GO HALF OF THE FIRST HALF STEP YOU TAKE, RIGHT?
...RIGHT. AND NOW, LITTLE CHEESECAKE GIRL...
CLEVER LITTLE GIRL.
Oh, man! He's unscrewing his caught leg!
Uh, uh... LISTEN!
SO, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO HALF OF THE HALF OF THAT HALF, RIGHT?
YES. WHAT IS THE POINT OF THIS USELESS ARGUMENT?

SO, IF YOU MUST KEEP GOING ALL THESE HALFWAYS...
YOU'LL NEVER REACH ME, WILL YOU?
YOU- YOU'RE RIGHT! I WON'T! I CAN'T!
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE ONLY HALF OF SOME HALFWAY TO ME!
AAH!
INFACT, YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO MOVE TO BEGIN WITH!
IT WORKED! ME STOPPED MOVING! HA!

OH, BOY.
NOW WHAT AM I GOING TO DO...?
HE! YOU'RE ALRIGHT!
AAH!
HEY! DON'T SNEAK UP ON ME LIKE THAT! OF COURSE I'M ALRIGHT!
BUT THERE'S A RENOIR 3G ON THE LOOSE IN HERE.
YOU MEAN HIM?
AMAZING!
HE'S OUT COLD!
LIKE A DEAD FISH IN A DEEP FREEZE.
AND YOU DEFEATED HIM ALONE! HOW DID YOU MANAGE THAT?
HEH HEH.
WE HAVE A PROBLEM, THOUGH. GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TO THE?
OH, NO.

YOU'RE RIGHT WE DO HAVE A PROBLEM.
WHAT WAS THAT THING?
M'HAINE WASN'T KIDDING YOU NOW HAVE THE SAME ENEMIES YOUR FATHER DOES.
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
IT MEANS SOMEONE SNEAKED THAT THING IN HERE TO GET YOU! AND THAT MIGHT NOT BE ALL THEY'LL TRY, UNDERSTAND?
WHO KNOWS WHAT OTHER ... EH?
WHAT? WHAT IS IT?!
THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING.
DON'T SAY THAT, ANGWSTUS!
I'M SORRY, MR. YOU'RE RIGHT..
I'M SURE I MUST BE IMAGINING THINGS.
YEAH. NERVES, RIGHT? WE'RE ALONE, RIGHT?
YES, ALONE



CEREBUS WORLD TOUR BOOK 1995

FEATURING:

•

THE NAME OF THE GAME IS DIAMONDBACK

•

THE MORNING AFTER

•

WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN ISSUES TWENTY AND TWENTY-ONE?

•

MAGIKING

•

SILVERSPOON

•

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN

•

CEREBUS DREAMS

•

AND:

by
Chester Brown & Dave Sim

CEREBUS WORLD TOUR 1995

FEBRUARY 19*
AUSTIN, TX
Radisson Hotel
Grand Ballroom
1st St. & Congress

MARCH 25
COLUMBUS, OH
Hyatt Downtown
Franklin Room
350 N. High Street

APRIL 15
SEATTLE, WA

JULY 1
MANCHESTER, VT
Equinox Inn
Bennington Room
Route 7A
Manchester Village

AUGUST 12
CHICAGO, IL

SEPTEMBER 9
PITTSBURGH, PA

OCTOBER 7
PHOENIX, AZ

NOVEMBER 4
KANSAS CITY, MO

***DECEMBER 3**
KITCHENER, ON
Walper Hotel
Crystal Ballroom
King & Queen St.

**PLEASE NOTE CHANGED DATE*